

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW. S

LIFE AND LOVE.

There is something to live for and something to love Wherever we linger, wherever we rove; There are thousands of sad ones to cheer and sustain Till hopes that were hidden beam o'er them again.

There is something to live for and something to love, For the spirit of Man is like garden or grave, It will yield a sweet fragrance, but still you must toil, And cherish the blossoms, and culture the soil.

There is something to live for and something to love, 'Tis a truth which the misanthrope ne'er can disprove. For tho' thorns and thistles may choke up the flower, Some beauty will grace the most desolate bower.

Then think on it, brother, wherever thou art, Let the life be for men and the love for the heart For know that the pathway which leads us above Is something to live for and something to love. -From "Poems by Richard Realf,"

THE CONSERVATIVE.

At twenty, as you proudly stood And read your thesis, Brotherhood, If I remember right, you saw The fatuous faults of social law.

At twenty-five you braved the storm And dug the trenches of Reform, Stung by some gadfly in your breast Which would not let your spirit rest.

At thirty-five you made a pause To sum the columns of The Cause; You noted, with unwilling eye, The heedless world had passed you by.

At forty you had always known Man owes a duty to His Own. Man's life is as man's life is made, The game is fair, if fairly played.

At fifty, after years of stress You bore the banner of Success. All men have virtues, all have sins, And God is with the man who wins.

At sixty, from your captured heights You fly the flag of Vested Rights, Bounded by bonds collectable. And hopelessly respectable!

-Edmund Vance Cook.

MOTES.

Where there's a will there's a detecijve story.
Incidents will happen even in the best regulated novels,
one touch of Kipling makes the whole

Virtue is its own Mrs. Humphry -Carolyn Wells,

It is doubtful if any book or any writer within recent years has achieved whiter within recent years has achieved the widespread popularity in America that "The Simple Life" and Charles Wagner have. This little book and its decrines have been taken up by the Americans with their characteristic enthusiasm. "Lead t.e Simple Life" seems to be the slogan everywhere; and the camp advertiser makes use of it draggers to under it his appaurement. canny advertiser makes use of it drag-ging in under it his announcement about furniture, hoslery, and even ale. Anent the great popularity of the book, a big bookseller in Boston writes to the publishers. McClure-Phillips, saying that he finds the craze for "The Simple Life" has affected even the mice in his then heavity asserting discovered place—he having recently discovered that the only books of his stock that the hungry rodents damaged were "The Simple Life" and the Bible.

Two days before Christmas, France celebrated the centenary of Sainte-Beuve. It last month paid tribute also to two other writers, both famous in their different ways. Eugene Sue and Jules Janin were both born in December 1804

The author of "The Masqueraders," Mrs. Katherine Thurston, has found a rival in her own household. Her hushand is publishing a novel called "The Apple of Eden," in which he deals with the experiences of a main who enters the priesthood and works for a time in the south of Ireland, but presently rehounces his task "for a more normal state of things."

The critics of "The Law of the Land," The critics of "The Law of the Land," Emerson Hough's new novel, are accusing the author of an intense southern partizanship on the negro question. He adopts, they say, a bitter spirit of race hostility, exhibits an antipathy to the negroes felt by few southerners, and seems to be doing his best to stir up the South against the north. All this is decidedly unjust to wir. Heugh. Although accused of southern prejudice, he was born in Iowa and has lived for many years in Chicago. s lived for many years in Chicago. is a Republican, has been so all his He is a Republican, has been so all his life, and his father was a Republican before him. His people were Virginia Quakers, who freed all their slaves 30 years before the war. The family plantation was more than half suspected to be a station on the "Underground Railway." But though a Republican and a northerner, Mr. Hough is thoroughly convinced that the north has flagranily misjudged the south and that, before it passes judgment it that, before it passes judgment, it should get the facts. His conviction is set forth with passion in "The Law of the Land."

Miss Adeline Sergeant had several novels in the press at the time of her death. The publication of another had been arranged for by a London house, and it will be ready about the end of

* * * O. Henry, author of "Cabbages and nga" tells a whimsical tale of what considers unfair competition in the ort story field. A short time ago he says he was in the office of a big mag-azine, and witnessed the return to a deazino, and witnessed the return to a de-jected looking young fellow of a cou-ple of manuscripts, "I am sorry for that fellow," said the editor. "He came to New York from New Orleans a year ago, and regularly brings some stories to our office. We can never use them.



is now recog-The Bitters women everybest friend. It has a stimulating effect upon weak organs and cures Vomiting. Rick Headache ostiveness. and Dyspepsia. We urge

He doesn't make a dollar by his pen, and he is getting shabby and pale." A and he is getting shabby and pale." A month or so later O. Henry saw the same writer in the same office, and the editor was talking to him earnestly. "You had better go back to New Orleans," said that gentleman. "Why?" said the young man. 'Some day I may write a story you may want." "But you can do that just as well in New Orleans,' 'said the editor, "and you can save board bills." "Board bills." ejaculated the young man. "What do I care about board bills!" "I have an income of \$20,000 a year from my father's estate."

A new edition of Keats' poems is to be brought out in London at an early date. The text has been carefully edited and collated with the manuscripts whenever possible, and a general criti-cal introduction, with specific introducand notes to the separate poem has been prepared by Mr. E. de Selin court, who has also supplied a chronol ogy of the life and works of the poet, an essay upon the sources of his vocabulary, and an illustrative glossary. . . .

The widow of the late Henry M Stanley has recently been presented by the New York Press club with a re-markable tribute to her husband's great work and achievement. It is in the form of an illuminated address on relum bond in morocco, and it places "up-on its records expressions, however inadequate, of their respect for him as a man (and at one time an American citman (and at one time an American citizen), as well as their admiration for him as a fearless and enterprising journalist, a brilliant writer, a brave soldier, a venturesome and undaunted explorer, and a successful discoverer." The address points out that it was with the assistance of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York Herald that Mr. Stanley obtained "his first substantial start in the work that made his name famous and unparalmade his name famous and uparal-leled in the history of the world," de-scribes his success as an explorer and as an author, and concludes with the following words: "To his personal cour-age, undaunted energy, and great determination, he joined a remarkable business faculty and a literary style which was charming and picturesque, therefore be it resolved that the New York Press club feels a pride in forwarding to his widow, the accomplished Lady Stanley, these expressions of its admiration for her distinguished husband.'

Writing upon "Balazae the Man and he Novelist." in a London periodical, John Oliver Hobbes has these pertinent John Oliver Hobbes has these pertinent things to say: 'In his romances Balzac had many manners. He was influenced by Sir Walter Scott, by Byron, by Victor Hugo—in fact, by all the literary fashions of his generation. But his own spiritual attitude toward the world remained unalterable. His stories, In their style, are now melodramatic, now idylic, now metaphysical; now historical. Rabelaissian or fantastic; now cal, Rabelaissian or fantastic; nov drawn from the provinces, or inspire drawn from the provinces, or inspired by the gayest city of the earth, pitched in the Alrs, or buried in the back shop of an obscure town; now in the courts of princes, now in the squalor of base neighborhoods. But the writer himself, whether describing a wrangle in a boarding-house, or a dialogue between mystics, or an atroctous crime, or a martyr's death, or a scene of boisterous comedy, or the farewell of lovers, keeps his own inimitable self-comers, terous comedy, or the farewell of lovers, keeps his own inimitable self-command in observation. There we have the secret of his fascination for some readers and his resulsion for others. Many admire, but more detest, self-command—this power of detachment, this good sense in not falling fatuously enamored of one's own characters, the renius for presenting a piot with justice to all the parties concerned, that physician's curious care for a bad case which may seem loathsome at worst, and wearlsome at best to the lay mind. and wearisome at best, to the lay mind With all Balzac's exuberance, his passionateness his unreason bleness, and his eccentricities amounting to a kind of insanity, his compositions are probobly the least emotional of any creative author. 'I have a horror,' he writes to his sister, 'of hetraying my own feelings in literature.'"

The Centenary edition of Emerson's works which Houghton. Mifflin & Co. now have ready, complete in 12 volumes, contains a large amount of hitherto unpublished material. Among this new matter are seven addresses by Emerson, five essays, and seventeen poems. The edition, moreover, contains the only complete commentary on Emerson's writings ever published. This is in the form of notes furnished by Dr. Edward W. Emerson, the son of the author. There are over 1,000 pages of notes,

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



MRS. ALIBO YOUNG HOPKINS.

The above cut shows a picture of Mrs. Alibo Young Hopkins taken sometime during the early 80's when she was a member of the popular and jol. ly set of young people known as the "Wasatch crowd," She is a daughter of the late Apostle Brigham Young and Mrs. Catherine Curtis Young, and in her girlhood married Charles E. Hopkins of this city, leaving shortly afterwards for Idaho, where she has since resided.

making an average of nearly 90 pages | have had no writer whose absolute simper volume. The general index contains 179 pages, by means of which the reader may quickly refer to passages on any subject about which Emerson wrote. The volumes are fully illustrated, especially in the case of the Con-cord subscription edition, which has a variety of beautiful photographs from

"The Secret Woman," the new novel by Mr. Eden Philipotts, is announced for publication in January by The Macmillan company. Rude and romantic characters, descriptions of lonely and picturesque Devonshire scenery, and a simple plot in which love and passion play strong parts explain to some extent the very strong hold which Mr. Philipotts has gained on the reading public. His characters have human faults, but in general they are of high mind and purpose, and are worthy of respect; and his descriptions of nature are done with feeling and knowledge. are done with feeling and knowledge He is one of the band of living novel ists whose work has substance as well as power.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are preparing for early spring publication a "Bibliography of Hawtherne." It will be of great service, alike to the book collectors and to the student of Hawthorne's life and writings. The work has been done by Miss Nina E. Browne of the Boston Athenaeum, who has been engaged upon it for many years. It will contain, so far as it can possibly be discovered, a reference to everything in covered, a reference to everything in nrint either by or about Hawthorne. The classification and arrangement are

BOOKS, 40

The Women of America, Miss Elizabeth McCracken's new book, is the fruit of a long journey, the purpose of which was to investigate the ideals and achievements of American women, in the professions, in municipal affairs, in the arts, and above all in the home and in things pertaining to home-making The journey extended over nearly the entire United States. Collecting statistics concerning the women of a given city and their occupations was performed with care, but it was always subordinated to the more vivid advansubordinated to the more vivid advantage of personal meetings with these women and personal visits to the actual scenes of their occupations. Her note-books have been used as backgrounds, but the comparatively few women of whom she writes give clearer impression of present co-tions than would mere statistical counts of a much larger number. Miss McCracken's wide sympathy, delicate humor, and acute knowledge of human nature give her special fitness for writ-ing this kind of book.

Her aim was not only to observe and record the life of American women as influence by locality, education, and occupation, but also to show what is really typical and significant, what women are feeling and thinking as well as what they are doing, and to illustrate this by anecdote, bits of talk, and actual experiences. The titles of some of the chapters are: The Pionee Woman of the West, The Woman in the The Pioneer woman of the West, The Woman in the Small Town, The Southern Woman and Reconstruction, Woman Suffrage in Colorado, The Woman in Her Club, The Woman in the Play, The Woman from the College, The American Woman of Letters, and The Woman on the Farm.—McMillan Co., Publishers,

In "The Voice of Nature," by Charles Wagner, we have a fitting companion to "The Simple Life." It is refreshing in these days to find such a book. It is like the spicy breath from a pine-covered mountain, set to the music of murmuring waters and perfumed by the opening flowers.

The "Voice of Nature" is a noble book from every point of view. We

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meanings sem to lie bared before the render's eyes,
Whoever misses reading this book will miss genuine pleasure and profit,—McClure Phillips, Publishers.

"Indian Fights and Fighters" is the "Incian Fights and Fighters" is the title of a new volume by Cyrus Townsend Brady which McClure-Philips brought out late in November. This is the fourth volume in the American Fights and Fighters series. Mr. Brady has written what is practically the first history of the warfare between the white man and the Indian on the American continent in this century. His information has been gathered not only from documents, but also from the men who took part in the fights themselves. He has had access to hitherto unused papers, and the narratives have in a great many cases been contributed or at least criticized by leadin a great many cases been contributed or at least criticized by leading men in the encounters themselves. Part I deals with winning the Far West, and Part II with the war with the Sloux. The appendix in the book treats of Custer's defeat, and shows that Custer by disregarding orders was himself responsible for the disaster. himself responsible for the disaster.

"Four American Indians" is the title of a volume by Edson L. Whitney and Frances M. Perry, designated as "a book for young Americans." These authors have collected a good deal of interesting material about King Philip, Pontiac, Tecumseh and Osceola, representing four different periods in the dismemberment of the Indian tribes and their gradual defeat by the whites. and their gradual defeat by the whites. The stories of these red men include much related matter, so the book becomes practically a condensed history of the wars with the aborigines in the The author takes as subjects for discussion the most commonplace and every-day occurrences, and describes them with such clearness and minuteness that no one who reads can help saying: "I have seen just those things and thought just as he does."

In this book Mr. Wagner has come even closer to the people than he did in "Simple Life." He never preaches nor tacks a moral to what he says, but presents it in such a way that the deeper of the American Book company.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

The January "Arena" contains the opening paper of a series of eight contributions which promise to prove the most important addition to the campaign against corruption and political debauchery that has appeared, and we should not be surprised if this series marked the inauguration of a tidal wave of political morrality in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania as irresistible as that inauguration of this week is a specially entertaining one, containing several short stories, a clever chilater of the market he issue a notable one—Albert Brandt Publisher, Boston. sylvania as irresistible as that inaug-urated by Thomas Nast in Harper's Weekly and carried forward by the weekly and carried forward by the New York "Times," which culminated in the overthrow of the Tweed Ring and the downfall and disgrace of men long supposed to be invincible. These papers are entitled "Forty Years in the Wilderness; or, The Masters and Rui-ers of "The Freemen" of Pennsylvania," and they have been prepared by one of the most prominent and universally rebeing carefully considered with a view to making the book as workable as possible, and there will be a double entry magazine index which is likely to prove especially serviceable.

spected citizens of Philadelphia—a man who as a civic leader and an incorruptible foe of all phases of dishonesty, graft and indirection has for years waged a ralentless war against the men tho were dr down the fair na one of our greatest commonwealths and virtually inperilling free institu-tions through shameful corruption. These papers by Mr. Blankenburg are unique in many ways and of special value because they come from the pen of a resident of Philadelphia, a man thoroughly responsible for all that he says, and a cultured thinker whose business standing and social position are of the highest. For these reasons as well as because of the boldness, the vigor and courage displayed and the perfect mastery of the subject possessed by the author, these papers will be read with the deepest interest by tens of thousands of our most thoughtful citi-The opening contribution, which

is ilustrated with admirable portraits

plicity of diction and deep love of Na-ture in all its phases has had such

happy expression.

The author takes as subjects for dis-

The Youth's Companion for this week is a specially entertaining one, contain-ing several short stories, a clever chil-dren's page, and many articles both long and short on subjects of general interest. Among these last is a specially prepared article by Sir William Ramsay, K. C. B., entitled, "What Is Element?" The poetry, as usual, is excellent.—Perry Mason Co., Boston, Mass,

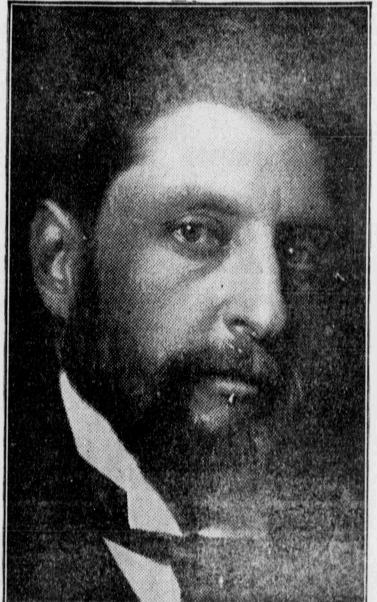
A RUSSIAN PROVERB.

"The late Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, the designer of the great 'Liberty Enlightening the World,' in New York harbor, was a taciturn man," said a his brief, him beint, usually to the point, usually to the point, in Paris, I escorted a group in Paris, I escorted a group his brief, infrequent speeches were

of women to Bartholdi's studio. were rather silly women. They asked a great many absurd questions and they said a great many absurd things.

"One of them, for some reason or other, got to talking about women in public life, lecturing, voting and so on. She asked Bortholdi what he thought

She asked Borthold what he thought of the woman question.
"The sculptor looked at me and winked slightly. Then he said:
"'Madam, there is a Russian proverb appropriate to the woman question, and I recommend this proverb to your consideration. It is: "If you has seen consideration. It is: 'If you be a cock, crow; if a hen, lay eggs.'"



RIDER HAGGARD.

Rider Haggard books never need any recommendation to those who care for pure romance, adventure in strange lands, and mystery. The new book, "The Brethren," will prove no disappointment to the followers of the great English romancist. It is capital Rider Haggard quality, and has the headlong movement, weird atmosphere, and the vivid picturesqueness that characterized "She," "Allan Quatermain," "King Solomon's Mines." It is a tale of the Crusaders, and tells of a beautiful English maiden who is made captive by the emissaries of Saladin, and of her two lovers who rescue her after a whirlwind series of adventures. Mr. Haggard is much interested in the agricultural side of English life, and recently has been doing much speaking in behalf of the betterment of the English farm laborer,

Hall Caine's Health Makes Friends Anxious.

SOUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.

special Correspondence.

of health has been causing his friends a good deal of uneasiness of late. He has not been himself for a year or more, and it may be remembered that when "The Prodigal Son" was only half written, its author broke down and had to go to St. Moritz to finish the work. He stayed there several months, and when he returned to the Isle of Man reently it was hoped that he could keep grays for solits. t he could keep going for quite a latest novel through the press, and part he took in the discussion that owed its publication were too much r Hall Caine. For several weeks he is suffered from acute insomnia, and Saturday last left for Switzerland, here his physician has ordered him o make a lengthy stay. Meanwhile is renown is increasing—on this side of the water, at least—at a rate which ust make his keen rival, Miss Corelli, ther jealous. The other day, the Rev. J. Campbell, the brainy young successor of Dr. Joseph Parker at the City emple, declared in a public address. emple, declared in a public address, but he preferred the Manxman's best ork to that of George Meredith, and work to that of George Meredith, and during Christmas week another incident was recorded which testifies, in a way, to the potency of the name of Calne. This was the sale, to a fashionable butcher, of a bullock bred on the novelist's model farm in the Isle of Man, for \$242.50 or \$2.50 more than was paid recently for a similar beast reared by the king.

After several years of literary work in London, Morley Roberts, who wrote "Rachel Marr," has followed the example of so many of his confreres and taken a country house where he means to do most of his writing in futur Tappington Grange, as it is called, near Wadsworth and may be said, in way to have literary associations, a ready having belonged up to now, t Sir George Barham, one of the famil of which the author of "The Ingelsb Legenda" was a member, One of the most intersting of Lon

don's literary landmarks is now threat ened with destruction—this being th don's literary landmarks is now threatened with destruction—this being the house in Highgate Hampstead, where Samuel Taylor Coloridge spent his last years and where he was visited at different times, by Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, Wordsworth, Charles Lamb and Robert Southey. The house, which it is to wintended to replace with a modern building, is No. 3 in the Grove, Hampstead, and formerly belonged to Dr. James Gliman. This physician was the devoted friend of Coleridge. He threw open his doors to the author of "The Ancient Mariner" when he was suffering most horribly from the effects of his prolonged indulgence in oplum, and for 18 years safeguarded him from his dangerous habit. Of his condition at that time Coleridge wrote: "The degredation, the blighted utility, almost overwhelm me." However, while in Hampstead he got back much of his power and produced some of his finest prose—the "Aids to Reflection," the two "Law Sermons," and the essay "On the Constitution of Church and State." The visits of his great literary conferers to his home in "The Grove" were especially delightful to Coleridge. "He sat." wrote Carlisle, "looking down on London and its smoke-tumult like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle, attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there—heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and innumerable brave souls still engaged there—heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man." Coleridge died at The Grove in July, 1834, and he lies in the yard of the old chapel at Highgate, now the crypt of the new Grammar school chapel,

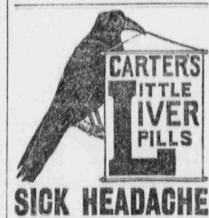
The governing body of that square nile of London known as the "City s chiefly devoted to keeping alive an clent traditions and customs, and maintaining intact at its civic functions that most sacred of things, the order of precedence. This fact lends particular appropriateness to the subject of the new fresco by Edwin A. Abbey in the courtyard of the Royal Exchange which was unveiled the other day with much ceremony. It represents a memorable incident in the history of the Mer-chant Taylors' and Skinners' companies. Between these two ancient guilds there was much jealousy and rivalry which often threatened to develop into riot and bloodshed as to which of them was entitled to march before the other in processions within the City of Lon-don. Titled folk whose inherited renown constitutes their sole claim to dis tinction occasionally still quarrel bit terly even now-a-days over the same question of precedence. The two companies in 1484, submitted their quarrel to the decision of the lord mayor of that year, Sir Robert Billesden, and he for the "norishing of peas (peace) and love between the masters, wardeyns and feelashipps aforesaid," rendered

That the masters and wardens should That the masters and wardens should dine each year together at their respective halls, the Taylors with the Skinners on the Vigil of Corpus Christi, and the Skinners withe the Taylors on the feast of the nativity of St. John Baptist; and as to precedency, each company was to have that on each alternate year, save that the mayor of either should give that company precedency.

either should give that company precedence in his year of office."

The decree has been faithfully observed ever since and unbroken "peas and love" have reigned between the and love" have two "feolashipps.

The fresco, the 15th of the series rethe fresh, the supurb decorative effect for which Mr. Abbey is famous. At the foot of the chair of state of the lord mayor the two masters are depicted pledging one another in a loving cup. Behind them is a gallery filled with la dies: in the left foreground is a her ald in a tabard of the arms of the two companies, bearing a gilded tablet in-scribed with the toast which for the post 420 year has been drunk by the two companies when they dine together, "Merchant Taylors and Skinners, Skinners and Taylors, Root and Branch



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ONDON, Jan. 4.—Hall Caine's state ever."

"Ian Maclaren," author of "The Bonnie Brier Bush," gave a lecture on "Kindness in Fiction," at Liverpool, the other day, in which he protested against the inhumanity of the novel of

"The note of kindness is conspicuously absent from modern fiction," said Dr. Watson. "In what are accounted the best writers of today, you will be struck by a want of sympathy."

Such writers—the lecturer went on—took the life of the East End, and draw the will research the lecture of detail.

it with remarkable accuracy of detail and considerable power of description.

and considerable power of description. But they did not touch it with a gentle hand. They treated the life of mean streets and mean people much as an anatomist treated a body on the dissecting table.

"Or," Dr. Watson proceeded, "such writers take the life of society, and before the reader puts the book down he is left with the idea, probably erroneous, that in what is called society there is hardly one man who is honorable, or one woman who is chaste."

"Ian Maclaren" expressed the opinion that the three writers of English fiction who will most likely remain the fiction who will most likely remain the greatest-Thackery, Scott and Dickens -are marked by the same note of hu-

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50 Congress Street. Boston, Mass.